Onely reserued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand, *at hand omitted*
Ensues his pitteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bond of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say, the dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didst prophecie the time would come
That *I* should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That bottell'd spider, that foule hunch-backt toade. *bunch*

Q. Mar. *I* cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what *I* was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a gatish flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in iest, onely to fill the scene:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
are Where be thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?
Who sues to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distressed widow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catiue crownd with care:
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none:
For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me.
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,
me And left thee but a very prey to time,
part Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?

Now